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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *October* the 31ſt, 1754.

I WAS not a little ſurpriſed the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-poſt, acquainting me that notwithſtanding all I had ſaid in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of theſe eſſays, there were people amongſt us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that unleſs I exerted myſelf notably on a new occaſion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall ſhort of their effect. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a ſight of a dramatic manuſcript (taken, as he ſuppoſes, from a ſtory in Machiavel) called BELPHEGOR, or the MARRIED DEVIL,

VIL, which manuſcript, he is credibly aſſured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very ſeaſon. My correſpondent inveighs greatly againſt the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has ſent me a ſhort tranſcript, entreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers againſt conſenting to it's exhibition. The tranſcript, which conſiſts only of one ſhort ſcene, together with the introduction, is exactly as follows.

BELPHEGOR, *a heathen devil, in the diſguiſe of chriſtian fleſh and blood, makes his entrance upon the ſtage; where, after a clap of thunder, and ſeveral flaſhes of lightening, another devil of a ſmaller ſize, dreſſed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black, and ſtuck round with fireworks, riſes from a trap door, delivers a letter to* BELPHEGOR, *and, making a very low bow, deſcends in thunder and lightening as he roſe.* BELPHEGOR *then comes forward and reads the letter, which contains theſe words.*

" FORASMUCH as our true and truſty devil and cou-
" ſin, BELPHEGOR, hath, in obedience to our commands,
" ſubmitted himſelf to the torments of the married ſtate
" for one whole year upon earth, thereby to inſtruct
" Us in the nature of wives, and to get remiſſion of
" puniſhments for all huſbands in theſe our realms;
" and We, well-knowing the many miſeries he hath
" endured in this his ſtate of fleſh, and being graciouſly
" pleaſed to releaſe him from his bondage, have order-
" ed that the earth do open at ſix in the evening of
" this preſent day, to re-admit him to our dominions.
" Given at our palace, &c.

" PLUTO."

BELPHEGOR *expreſſes great joy at reading the letter, and while he is thanking* PLUTO *for his clemency, and congratulating*

congratulating himſelf that his deliverance is near at hand, HARLEQUIN *enters at the back of the ſtage, looking very diſconſolately, and bowing to* BELPHEGOR, *who, after ſurveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows.*

BEL. Hey-day! Who, in the name of PROSERPINE, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolic too, I ſuppoſe! He looks plaguy diſcontented. If thou art a devil, ſpeak to me. (*Harlequin ſhakes his head*) A Frenchman I preſume; but then he would have found his tongue ſooner. Are you married, friend?

HAR. A very miſerable fellow, ſir.

BEL. Why, ay; that ſounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For by the knave's look, and the fool's coat, you ſhould be ſome extraordinary perſonage.

HAR. I could eat a little, ſir.

BEL. Very likely, friend. But who are you, I ſay?

HAR. A poor Harlequin, ſir; married yeſterday, and now running away from my wife.

BEL. A Harlequin! What's that?

HAR. Were you never at the playhouſe, ſir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his buſineſs is to convey moral ſentiments with a nod of the head, or a ſhake of the nether parts—I'll ſhew you after dinner, if you pleaſe, ſir.

(BELPHEGOR *waves his hand, and a table riſes with proviſion and wine.*)

HAR. Sir, you moſt humble ſervant. If it was not for hunger, now, I ſhould beg leave to aſk, ſir, if you are not the devil. (*Sits down and eats.*)

BEL. A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

HAR. But are you really the devil, ſir?

BEL. Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

HAR. None in the leaſt, ſir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you. (*Drinks*)

Yes,

Yes, yes, ſir, you muſt be the devil, or ſome ſuch great perſon. And pray, ſir, if one may make bold to aſk, how go matters below, ſir? I ſuppoſe you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, ſir, the place is a little too ſmoaky for the ladies.

BEL. To thoſe who have not been uſed to town indeed———

HAR. To be ſure, ſir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Pretty much ſo, as to the pleaſures of the place; rather leſs ſcandal among us.

HAR. And more ſinning, perhaps?

BEL. Very little difference as to that: hypocriſy we have none of: people of faſhion, you know, are above hypocriſy; and we are chiefly people of faſhion.

HAR. No doubt, ſir. A good many new-comers I reckon from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the Engliſh.

HAR. You have them of all profeſſions, I preſume?

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good ſort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them I think——and ſo they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Rather of NO religion, friend: of thoſe we have abundance; and very much reſpected they are indeed.

HAR. Phyſicians too no doubt?

BEL. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, ſo ſtocked with phyſicians as ours.

HAR. Any traders, pray?

BEL. A world of them, of the better ſort. The induſtry

duſtry and wealth of thoſe gentlemen will always ſecure them a warm place with Us.

HAR. Atheiſts I ſuppoſe in plenty?

BEL. Atheiſts! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they profeſſed atheiſm below.

HAR. And pray, ſir, do any of the players make you a viſit?

BEL. I never heard that they went anywhere elſe. They are a little unmanageable indeed; but we have them all, from Roſcius of Rome, to Joe Millar of Drury-lane: and a fine company they are. Beſides, we have all the wits that ever wrote; and then we have no licencer to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdneſs has been carried a degree farther than with You.

HAR. Very likely, ſir. But pray, ſir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at preſent?

BEL. Why, indeed, among ſo large a number, it is hard to ſay which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good ſort of women; but a devil of true taſte will tell you that a thorough-bred Engliſh woman of quality will go beyond them.

HAR. You are pleaſed to compliment the Engliſh ladies, ſir. And what extraordinary buſineſs, if I may have leave to aſk, may have been the occaſion of this viſit?

BEL. Curioſity and a wife: the very two things that ſend you gentlemen upon a viſit to Us.

HAR. May be ſo. And pray, ſir, what ſtay do you intend to make?

BEL. Only this evening.

HAR. Can I do you any ſervice, ſir?

BEL.